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ELIZA WARICK:

A HEROINE IN ORDINARY LIFE.

IN the year 1750, Edward Warick, a captain in the East India Company's service, married a young and accomplished orphan lady, then resident with her cousin, Mrs Steel, in Madras. The union was a singularly happy one, each possessing that amiability of nature which is conducive to domestic felicity. Four years after, we see them with a little daughter named Eliza, and an infant son; their worldly affairs prosperous, and happy in each other, they looked forward to the future with hopeful anticipations; but their happiness was brief as bright. An epidemic fever raged at Madras: many Europeans fell victims, among them were Captain and Mrs Warick; and thus the children were reduced to the condition of orphans. Left to the care of Mrs Steel, that lady considered it her duty to apprise Mr White, Mrs Warick's brother, then resident in Sumatra, of his sister's sudden death, and the orphan condition of her children, and to ask his wishes as to their future disposal.

It was Eliza who particularly engaged Mrs Steel's thoughts, as Captain Warick's brother, then on the eve of departure for America, was ready to take charge of his infant nephew, and bring him up along with his own family. This fact Mrs Steel intimated to Mr White, and added that, did he feel the charge of a female child too much for his declining years, she would with great pleasure adopt the little Eliza, and, as she had no family, devote herself to her right upbringing and culture. The reply from Mr White arrived without delay. He expressed his deep sorrow at the death of his amiable sister and her husband, and said he considered it would be for his comfort to have this precious relic of his departed sister near him; and thus the little orphans were provided for: the boy sailed for America; and Eliza, under the charge of a careful attendant, accomplished the voyage to Sumatra in safety, and was received by her uncle with every demonstration of affection and joy.

Mr White was a man of broken health and considerable physical weakness, but it was his pleasure to devote his hours of leisure and retirement to the education of the child, who was placed by early misfortune under his care. He enlisted also in the service a friend who resided hard by, Mrs Graham, a woman highly gifted and accomplished; and Eliza, by the united efforts of her uncle and this lady, was early taught those accomplishments which made her in future years an ornament to society. A ruthless destiny, however, seemed to pursue Eliza, for in her ninth year a sudden calamity bereft her at once of a second father and kind instructor.

It was Eliza's daily habit to visit her uncle early to awake him, and, as her custom was, she went to his room on a certain morning for this purpose. What was the child's dismay to find him cold, pale, and regardless of all her fond attentances! Her affrighted cries drew the family about her; remedies were attempted, medical aid was procured, but in vain: his spirit had departed, and the poor girl was again desolate.

Acting as Eliza's guardian, Mr Graham informed Mrs Steel in Madras of Mr White's sudden death, and that his small property had been left entirely to Eliza; and asked advice as to her relative's wishes regarding her future. A speedy decision was made that the little girl should return to reside at Madras, and make Mrs Steel's house her home. Many and various plans had been formed for her suitable and comfortable convey, when at last a Captain Cooper appeared, who was about to sail to Madras in charge of one of the Company's ships, and being a particular friend of Mr and Mrs Graham, they ventured to consign their little ward to his care, although there were no female passengers on board, rather than put her into the hands of strangers. Unfortunately, there were among the crew some Portuguese sailors, men of desperate and unscrupulous character, bent on any enterprise, it mattered not how cruel, if thereby they might increase their fortunes. These wretches formed the shocking design of throwing the captain overboard, along

with the surgeon and mate, thereafter seizing the vessel, and selling the remainder of the crew as slaves. This barbarous design they contrived to execute, and one evening, overpowering Captain Cooper, they murdered him and the other officers, and thus became undisputed masters of the vessel. This fearful tragedy was enacted before the eyes of the terrified Eliza; and the villains being exasperated by her cries and pleadings, resolved to throw her into the sea after her slaughtered friends, when one, more humane than the others, was actuated by a feeling of remorse, and seizing the little girl, saved her from his ruthless companions. Eliza clung to her protector in despair, and only believed herself safe when in his immediate neighbourhood.

Two days after this outrage, the pirates held a high festival, at which, by their wild excesses, they were reduced to a state of helpless intoxication. Some lay insensible on the deck, others riotously moved about, creating noise and confusion. While this scene of tumult continued, the few sailors who had been saved to navigate the vessel held a council regarding the possibility of retaking the ship, and avenging the death of Captain Cooper and their other countrymen. But they were destitute of weapons. Arms were slung round the cabin, but these were beyond their reach, and the case seemed hopeless. Suddenly, one of the men exclaimed: 'Can the child not help us?' Eliza was called apart, the plan explained to her; and at the same time she was told her own life was the penalty if these villains discovered the plot. Eliza, although so young, was possessed of a noble courage and fortitude, as well as strong affections. She promised to risk her life to avenge the captain and retake the ship, stipulating as the only condition that the life of her protector should be spared. Accordingly, she returned to the cabin amid the intoxicated pirates, and whilst skipping, as if in sport, along the benches, took the cutlasses and pistols from their several places, and, without observation, handed them out to the sailors. These men, thus armed, rushed amid their foes, soon despatched the Portuguese, who were incapable of resistance, and, whilst fired with revengeful hatred, forgot their promise, and killed Eliza's protector among the others, although she used every effort to save him. The bodies of the pirates were thrown into the sea, and in an ecstasy of joy the crew found themselves masters of the vessel, and once more free men. But scarcely had they realised their novel position, when an unlooked-for difficulty occurred. No officer was left to command the crew; they were all sailors in the rank of common seamen, utterly uneducated, and ignorant of the science of navigation, and none of their number had ever been at the port of Madras. All were perplexed how to proceed on their voyage, and their frequent consultations seemed but to make the case more hopeless.

The little Eliza was present on these occasions, listening attentively. She was intelligent far beyond her years. Her uncle had made her the partner of his studies, and often instructed her in subjects which girls seldom acquire. Among these, she had learned, partly as an amusement, the use of sea-charts. Now came a proof that knowledge, though seemingly ill adapted to a certain course of life, and hid away in the storehouse of memory, may yet find a use, and see the light

again to bless and benefit its owner. Eliza, hearing the sailors' difficulties, at length asked them to shew her their charts, as she believed she could point out to them the port they had left, and that to which they were bound, as well as explain the degrees to north and west towards which they had to sail. In despair, the men placed themselves under her guidance; and by her direction, the vessel reached its destination in safety. This wonderful instance of youthful precocity was related in a Memorial to Lord Clive, then governor-general of India. The fact was without dispute. The sailors' testimony, that to her alone they owed the recapture and subsequent safety of the ship—the death of Captain Cooper and the other officers—were public evidence of the fact. But though the Memorial explained that a female child of nine years of age had saved a Company's ship, and every effort was made by Eliza's friends to obtain for her some reward for so rare a service, Lord Clive disregarded these applications; the youthful heroine received no sort of recompense.

Eliza Warick now found herself again resident in Madras, under the roof of her kind friend, Mrs Steel, by whom she was treated as a daughter. The proceeds of her uncle's property, to which she had succeeded, were transmitted from Sumatra, and this, joined to the kindness of friends, made her circumstances comfortable. One subject engaged her sad thoughts—namely, the fate of her brother, of whom and her uncle no intelligence could be procured. Years passed on, and no tidings came to apprise her if they yet lived. It was conjectured that some terrible misfortune had overtaken the family: perhaps they had fallen into the hands of savage tribes, and perished.

Eliza's growing years served to develop the natural talents and amiability of her nature. Mrs Steel procured for her the best masters, and spared no effort to cultivate and adorn her mind. She quickly acquired several oriental languages; she excelled also in the fine arts, particularly painting and music. At this juncture it was her lot to win the love of a youthful and altogether worthy admirer, an officer in the royal navy. The suit being pressed, Eliza returned with ardour the devotion of the young officer; and, though their united fortunes were comparatively small, Eliza's friends consented to their union. Mrs Steel, on the occasion, gave the wedding banquet; and whilst the guests assembled in honour of the young pair were offering their congratulations, and merrily enjoying the festive scene, an unlooked-for messenger arrived with a packet for the bridegroom. Its contents were unexpected, and words cannot well depict the distress it occasioned, as therein was contained an order to the young lieutenant, for scarce one hour a husband, to proceed without one minute's delay to join his ship, on the point of sailing.

Lamentations were vain, for the command of duty brooked no delay. With many mutual promises of frequent communication, and the assuring confidence of a not distant meeting, the newly-married pair parted. Alas! the dark destiny of Eliza still unflinchingly pursued her—she parted, no more to meet. Her husband never again returned, nor was the vessel again heard of. The general supposition was, that it had foundered at sea; and days, weeks, months, years drearily rolled over the head of poor Eliza,

without bringing to her one trace of her husband's, brother's, and uncle's fate. Such a complication of singular misfortunes pressed heavily upon her spirit. She brought to her aid all the comforts of religion and the supports of principle. Still, life was very dreary. Exhausted by anxiety and sorrow, the sorely-stricken being retired from society, and led a secluded life till her thirtieth year. At this date, a fresh misfortune fell upon her, for in that year she lost her dearly loved friends, Mr and Mrs Steel. This last blow seemed to fill her cup of sadness to overflowing. In despair, she resolved to leave Madras, and go to reside in Calcutta, hoping that change of scene might help her in the pursuit of patience. Her worldly circumstances also now required the efforts of her own industry, and she resolved to exert her talents for her future support.

It was a noble resolve, worthy of imitation. She laid aside half of the small property left by her parents and uncle, as the hope of her brother's return still clung to her heart; and having made all necessary arrangements, moved to Calcutta, which she henceforth made her home. After her settlement, she began to consider the manner in which she might most advantageously exert her talents; and as she excelled in drawing, the idea presented itself to her of hiring native women to work muslins, while she drew the patterns. The singular elegance of these designs speedily engaged attention, and procured an extensive demand, so much so, that, after some time, Eliza found she had acquired a little fortune. Still possessed of much personal beauty, talented, and rich, this accomplished lady found herself courted and admired. But, yet brooding over the uncertain fate of her husband, and possessed by a deep melancholy, she shunned notice, and abstained from mixing in gay life. Her active mind, however, required employment, and, mistress of those means which her own talents and industry had acquired, she regarded herself as a stewardess for the poor. Her piety and benevolence, however, took a wide and high range, and she looked in all directions for plans by which best to benefit her fellow-creatures. Among other things, her attention was soon directed to the situation of the young European officers whose health suffered from the climate, to which they were not inured; and when sickness seized them, far from their friends and in the land of strangers, they often suffered much misery and neglect. Seeing this, Eliza Warick hired a large and commodious house, and divided it into numerous apartments; she hired sick-nurses, and publicly intimated that she was ready to receive invalid youths whose health required care and nursing, and that her time and her attention would be devoted to their recovery. This generous scheme succeeded in a remarkable manner. Many young officers were restored to health who otherwise would have fallen early victims to the diseases of the climate, or sowed the seeds of protracted suffering and inaction. She was as a second mother to many, and became an undying memory to all who were privileged to look upon her. We wish it could be added that this unselfish and heroic being lived to enjoy the sweet consolation of having been a public benefactress. Long life was not her destiny. In the midst of her usefulness, she died, at a comparatively early age. Her demise was looked

on as a public loss; and the friends who mourned her departure felt that the world was indeed poorer to them since she had gone.

The facts of this history are strictly true; the incidents are not imaginary, but real. The circumstances were known to many who benefited by this meek heroine's kindness; and one of her youthful protégés, a Scottish gentleman, to whom she left her fortune, performed the noble act of restoring it entire and unasked to Eliza's long-lost brother, who, a little time after her death, appeared at Calcutta, and proved his identity.

MY ADVENTURES IN THE FRENCH WAR.

CHAPTER VII.—CONCLUSION.

RESCUED from dying in the snow, I was not out of trouble. The night was dark, the wind blew in wild gusts, and the cold was intense. There were dangers ahead. Stopping to listen, I thought I heard a shout, then another, which was followed by a fusillade that betokened brisk work with the enemy. Immediately, a man came galloping furiously up to us, shouting at the pitch of his voice that the convoy was attacked. Retracing our course, we rolled briskly along. We could see jets of fire issuing from a wood; it was there that the enemy awaited our passage. I ordered the men to dismount, for it was impossible to charge in that thicket. But as suddenly as it had opened, the firing stopped, and a shadow glided out of the wood, waving a white handkerchief, and shouting: 'France! Friends!'

It was a party of franc-tireurs, who had taken us for the enemy. Fortunately, no one was killed—only a few scratches. I congratulated their captain on the vigilance of his men, and more particularly on their skill as marksmen. To make up for their mistake, they put themselves to the carts, and a shoulder to the wheel, and this time we were fairly off. It was past nine o'clock when we reached our destination, and I reported myself at headquarters. After giving an account of my mission, I produced the property of the departed uhlan. The letters contained no information as to the enemy's movements; they were the production of a tender-hearted maiden to her *fiancé*. But these papers were not the only contents of that bag, which reminded us, as each article was pulled out, of those wonderful bottles exhibited by conjurers. I felt much the better for the merry time we spent over that bag, being also not a little refreshed by a good supper on Westphalian ham and a bottle of Rhenish wine.

On the 13th of January, the enemy made another unsuccessful effort to stop our advance in the neighbourhood of Arcey, and once more our division had to bear the brunt of the engagement. But our previous success had given confidence to our troops, and, with a vigour scarcely expected in such young soldiers, they repulsed the enemy. At last, on the evening of the 14th, we slept on the heights overlooking the right bank of the Lisaine, facing the hills which protected the approaches of Belfort, and on which the Germans had strongly fortified themselves. From this day, we began to feel anxious as to the issue of our

expedition. Two essential conditions were necessary to insure its success—*approvisionnements* and rapidity. The latter we had never had, the former were getting exhausted: we had scarcely enough to keep life in our bodies. The transport was becoming more and more difficult as we removed farther from Clerval, the last station we could use on the Besançon line, and the commissariat *entrepôt*. When the horses fell on the ice which covered the roads, the whole convoy was delayed. After Villersexel, we had lost two days waiting for food, instead of pursuing the defeated enemy, and giving him not a moment to rally. As it was, Werder had lost no time; he had withdrawn his forces on the hills close to Belfort, in order to provide a permanent help between the operating army and the investing corps; and even pieces of siege-artillery were temporarily withdrawn, and used to fortify the principal points of the line of defence. Next came the battle of Héricourt.

The two armies were only separated by the narrow valley through which runs the Lisaine; on the left bank, the enemy occupied a series of positions cleverly united and protected by that river. There they were awaiting us. Early on the morning of the 15th, the cannon resounded through the frozen atmosphere on all sides, and woke up the hopes of the heroic defenders of Belfort. The action, engaged along the whole line, was continued far on into the night. Gallantly, Clinchant led his division down the valley and up the slopes; but there we were checked by the plunging fire of artillery and musketry, and forced to retire. Three times the attempt was renewed with great slaughter; three times we were repulsed; and, when night arrived, we had, in our turn, to stand our ground against the onslaught of the enemy. On the right, the 15th corps had carried the town of Montbéliard; but the Germans had intrenched themselves in the citadel, from which they threatened the town. It was, to save it from utter destruction, eventually evacuated.

On the 16th, the struggle was renewed, more sharp and desperate than on the previous day. The most energetic efforts, in which chiefs and soldiers vied with each other in bravery and endurance, were made to break the enemy's lines. The serious attack which was to decide not only the fate of the day, but also of the campaign, was to take place on the left. It had been intrusted to Billiot and Crémier. They were to turn the German positions by Chagey and Chennebier. But that had also failed; they had begun their turning movement too late in the day, and night had closed in before any important results could be arrived at. The issue of the battle remained uncertain, the enemy being on no point thrown back. The next day, the fighting, which had gone on with little intermission during the night, ours having had to repulse two attacks, was renewed. We fought and maintained our positions, but we could not advance, and the Germans still remained in their strongholds and fastnesses. This prolonged and sanguinary struggle, with all its hardships, had a disastrous effect on our poor soldiers. The sufferings they had to endure were frightful. The weather was inconceivably cold; during the night of the 17th and 18th, the temperature was eight degrees below the zero of Fahrenheit—a degree of cold with which the people of England are unacquainted—with no other means of saving our

selves from being frozen to death but a fire of green wood. When the sun appeared over the dark fir-trees, a large white globe, a winter sun more dismal and colder than the night itself, struggling through a heavy mist, the men mechanically fell in, while here and there lay bodies stiffened and wrapped in that white winding-sheet, that covered the earth two feet deep. They did not answer the calls of the bugles; their fate was sealed in death. A sharp cutting wind blew across the plateau, pushing before it clouds of snow, forming the little heaps in which we were buried up to our knees. And this was only the first act, the beginning of that terrible military drama that was being played in the eastern part of France.

Late on the evening of the 17th, when returning to our bivouac from a brisk engagement with the enemy, who had tried to expel us from Héricourt, I was told that our general had been suddenly summoned to headquarters.

'Anything new, sir?' I asked, as he dismounted on his return.

'Yes,' he replied—'yes, there's news!' The tone of his voice was so unusually solemn, that I anxiously looked at his face, lighted up by the flickering flame of a miserable fire. There was a combined expression of sadness, bitterness, and despair depicted on his countenance. It seemed as if the brave soldier foreshadowed all the misery that was to follow. There was a pause, and then he broke out: 'All is over! How dreadful to see our poor country reduced to this—our last hopes crushed! What can we have done to deserve such a chastisement? We were frivolous, vain, enervated, corrupted, if you like, but seldom has such a disaster befallen any nation. Our fathers were in some degree prepared for the Beresina and Waterloo; but we had no preparation for the terrible disasters that culminated in the capitulations of Sedan and Metz. So rapidly do blows fall upon us, that one is at a loss what to think. Do you know what I have just heard? Manteuffel with a new army is marching on our rear. Bourbaki has now but one thing to do, and that is, to retreat on Besançon as fast as possible, before our communications are completely cut off. That last plan he has decided upon. To-night, the retreat begins; we remain here to cover it. There will be some more fighting, so plenty of chances of getting our heads broken.' There was another pause. Then he added, passing his hand across his brow: 'It will not do to be downcast. We must struggle to the bitter end. We are intrusted with a difficult but honourable task. Let us prove ourselves worthy of the occasion.'

I have not space to describe the horrors of our retreat in the direction of the Swiss frontier. And I must pass over the dismal attempt of the brave Bourbaki on his own life, the act arising from a mixture of despair and madness. Our army, reduced as much by famine, disease, and cold as by the enemy's bullets, presented a most lamentable spectacle. A final attempt had been ordered to save the miserable remnant of the army from the shame of a capitulation. But the men, broken down and dispirited from miseries of all sorts, which had followed them ever since Héricourt, bitterly deceived by the false news of an armistice, had refused any longer to listen and

obey. All turned their looks and hopes towards the mountains that stretched out on their left. Could they arrive there, they would find a people on whose kindness, hospitality, and benevolence they could rely. There they felt they would meet with all the comforts that had so long been denied them: food, warmth, sympathy, safety, and rest. Then would end that succession of sufferings, that long Calvary, which they had been daily and hourly ascending for the last six months.

General Clinchant, on seeing that all his efforts to cut his way through the circle of steel and iron that surrounded us had been fruitless, had but one anxiety—to escape the grasp of the enemy, to steal away from them his soldiers, his arms, and his matériel, by taking refuge over the frontier. During the night of the 31st of January to the 1st of February, in the dingy room of a poor cottage, was signed the convention by which the French army was allowed to pass into Switzerland. But long before this, the men, shoeless, ragged, and famished, had begun to flow towards the defiles which separated the two countries, without order, and, sad to say, even without chiefs to lead them.

On the evening of the 28th of January, at about six o'clock, a heavy fusillade had broken out suddenly on our left; and an hour afterwards, we heard that the Germans, protected by a thick fog, had surprised one of the divisions, and driven it back on Pontarlier. One of the roads which had been chosen for our retreat was thus lost. There yet remained the one from Dôle, and passing through Frasnès. That village was occupied by Crémère's division, and we felt secure on that side. But early the next morning reports came in, stating that it had also fallen back, according to orders received from headquarters, and that the village had at once been occupied by the enemy. Our position was anything but pleasant. After a hasty breakfast we held a council of war.

'Gentlemen,' said General Ségard, on whose features you could read the anxiety of a man whose reputation and honour were at stake—'gentlemen, there is no doubt a mistake, a grave mistake! Orders ought to have been sent to us to follow the example of our wings. General Clinchant is not, cannot be aware of our critical position. He must be informed of it. One of you must start for Pontarlier, and obtain instructions. The safety of my division is in jeopardy; I am left here unsupported on both sides; the enemy is gradually closing round us, and yet, I cannot desert the positions intrusted to me.'

I stood up and offered my services.

'Good,' went on the chief. 'But one of you is not sufficient. Two must start: one by the Chaffrois Road; the other, by the railway line. The enemy has scouts all over the country; if one is taken prisoner, the other may escape.'

Captain de Bussières walked across the room, and stood by my side. When our preparations were made, and the horses ready at the door, the general gave us his last instructions, and wished us success.

Like two arrows sped from the same bow, we started off in different directions.

Some few hours afterwards, I had reached Pontarlier, seen General Clinchant, and was the bearer of orders for our division to fall back at once. It had been as we had expected—an aide-de-camp had been sent the night before, bearing

a similar message, but he had never reached our bivouac. I shall not stop here to narrate the different *ruses* I employed to evade the vigilance of the enemy's scouts, the many difficulties I encountered and had to overcome on my way back, which I had to undertake partly on foot. I was again in Dampierre by five o'clock in the afternoon.

As I approached the little village, I was struck by the complete absence of bivouac fires; there were no sentries, no challenges. All was deserted, dark, and silent. I made my way towards the inn, which, during our stay, had been elevated to the high rank of headquarters, and boldly walked into the kitchen.

At the sound of my steps on the stones, the landlord of the *Croix-blanche* turned round with an air of surprise, which, as he recognised me, changed into one of terror.

'Is it you, *mon capitaine*?' he exclaimed, dropping a frying-pan he held in his hand.

'The same, dear Monsieur Féron. Can you explain all this to me? Where is the general? Where is my division?'

'Gone! Gone, sir!' he replied. 'Went away long ago. An hour after you had left, an officer on horseback arrived, and soon after, the division started off in the direction of Frasnès. There must have been some fighting, as I heard firing in that direction.'

I was amazed.

'But you, *mon capitaine*, you!' he went on—'you cannot remain here! You must go. Fly! Read this;' and nervously he snatched a paper from the table, and handed it to me. 'There!' he added; 'I just got this.'

It was an order from the German headquarters to prepare lodgings for a general and his staff, and stabling for his horses, &c.

'They will be here in twenty, in ten minutes; you cannot stay. What will become of you?'

'Dear M. Féron,' I broke in, 'I thank you heartily for your wishes for my safety; but go now I cannot, happen what may. I have not tasted food since that excellent omelet you served us this morning. Eat and rest I must; we'll see about my safety afterwards. Come, think a little. Have you not got some corner about your house where I can remain unnoticed for half an hour or so?'

The worthy man looked at me with blank astonishment, and seeing but hunger and determination depicted on my features, he comprehended that nothing could make me change my mind; he beckoned to me to follow him, which I did, through his room, and then through the yard to the stables, up a ladder to a hay-loft. He moved aside two or three bundles of straw, and opening a door, we found ourselves in a small room, looking towards the fields.

'That was my son's room, before he left us for the war,' he said with a sigh. 'There is no danger of being found here. But in case you were discovered, you can jump out of the window, a few feet from the ground, and make for the fields.' And placing his napkin under his arm, and taking an attitude befitting his position as innkeeper and waiter, he added: 'And now how can I serve you?'

'Anything you have ready in your larder, M. Féron, and the sooner the better.'

And off he went. I put down my sword and revolvers at arm's-length, and sitting down on a broken chair, I began to think of the critical position in which I was placed. The conclusion I came to was, that it was anything but agreeable.

M. Féron soon arrived, bringing with him my meal, consisting of half a cold chicken, some bread, cheese, and wine.

'There!' he said apologetically; 'that is all I have.'

'That will do. And now, go and get me ready a good strong cup of coffee, and do not forget the cognac.'

I did honour to his poultry-yard, as the bones of his departed chicken could testify. Coffee and cigar followed, and yet M. Féron did not return. A low distant noise of voices could be heard coming from below, and made me feel anxious. I was buckling my sword, ready for any emergency, when the owner of the *Croix-blanche*, looking more like a ghost than a human being, pushed his corpulent body through the door.

'Hush; listen!' he exclaimed, his voice shaking with terror. 'They are here; they have come. You have no time to lose. This way;' and blowing out the candle, out of the window he went. I followed. We alighted on the snow, and taking unceremoniously my arm, he crossed the garden, and led me to the back of the village. 'You have no choice of roads, *mon capitaine*. You must make your way through this,' he whispered, pointing towards the long dreary white plain. 'You see yonder blue mass? It is a clump of trees. Make straight for it; when you get there, keep to your left, and you'll find the village of Les Granges. Once there, you are in Pontarlier.' And calling down upon me the protection of all the saints, he held out his hand, which I shook heartily. 'Good-bye!'

'Good-bye!' and I plunged into the snow.

At that moment, the quaint old church of Dampierre pealed out eight.

The night was cold and dark. A bitter blast came sweeping direct from the Jura Mountains along the frozen steppes, and blew right into my face, blinding me with the snow it whirled along and drifted up against me. It required a stout heart to battle on against the storm, that was adding its pitiless might to what would have already been looked upon as a miserable enough condition. Now and then, I had to turn round, to give myself breathing-time, and I could then see the bright glow of the watch-fires of the enemy, who had already established themselves in the village I had just left behind me. There was a dull sound of artillery on the march. The darkness was frightful; at times, a flash, a signal from the enemy, lighted up the country before me, leaving darkness still darker than before. On I went, sometimes feeling my way cautiously, to avoid holes; sometimes falling neck high into a ditch, or stumbling over the trunk of a tree.

Then I would stop and try to pierce the obscurity; but I could see nothing before me but that long, silent, and deserted plain in its pure white shroud, with the blue line in the distance, which seemed to remove farther on as I advanced. From time to time I felt that fatal sleep, the sleep of death, overpowering me. But I got up, and shaking myself, I pushed on.

My limbs, weary with their day's long march,

were getting benumbed; the snow, infiltrating itself into my long boots, rendered my walking more and more difficult. Suddenly I stopped; there were, there on my right, black and ghastly silhouettes, coming out on the snow like hideous phantoms. They were uhlands scouting the country. I heard their '*Wer da?*' repeated from one to another, and which the wind carried back to me in that appalling silence. I lay down, and crouching on the snow, I waited till they were out of sight. Once or twice, my courage failing me, I was on the point of beckoning to them, of shouting to them that within their reach there was an easy prey, incapable of defending itself. But a struggle took place within me.

'Shall I go farther? Is there not a limit to duty? Why go on? Is there not, close by, fire, food, shelter, and life? But although instinct said 'Yes,' a stronger voice replied: 'Duty.'

And gathering the little strength left me, I got up and pushed on. I was gradually feeling more and more stupefied with cold, with fatigue, with sleep, and the sufferings of hunger were getting terrible. My limbs refused to carry me any farther, my legs were stiff, my hands cut and bleeding. I had been obliged to unloose my belt, and leave my trusty sword behind me. The wind was getting colder as the night advanced, and the snow of heaven and the snow of the earth, mixed into one mighty whirlwind, were blinding me completely.

On I went; a voice still, though feebly, repeating: 'You must join your general; duty is there!'

But stiff, bruised, and faint, I could continue no longer. I made a last effort, but it was unavailing. I slid down utterly exhausted at the foot of a fir-tree. Sleep instantly overpowered me. I sank into a profound slumber. How long I remained in this deadly sleep, I cannot tell. When I woke up, I was walking along a road; there were fires burning dimly in the distance, and a low rumbling, like a bee-hive in motion. I could hear close by me the tramp of soldiers. It was daylight. A strong arm was linked into mine, supporting my tottering steps. Then a voice spoke: 'You are all right now, and with friends.'

'Who are you? Where am I?' I inquired.

'Sergeant of the 3d Zouaves, 1st Brigade, 2d Division,' answered the man proudly. 'And you are near Pontarlier. Yonder fires are those of our men.'

He then explained that, being sent with his company on outpost duties, he had come across me; and seeing that life was not extinct, he and a companion had rubbed me with snow and brandy till I had revived.

'You gave us no end of trouble,' added the brave fellow. 'But I knew you would come back. Those who have fought as you did at Villersexel, ought not to die miserably in the snow.'

There is little more to be said. The army of the East, to which I belonged, had in its disordered and miserable state no other resource than to take refuge in Switzerland, every one, of course, laying down his arms, and trusting to the hospitality of strangers. About eighty thousand men passed over the frontier at Verrières. With a small party, I was left to cover the retreat, and it was with difficulty we escaped the enemy which hung on the rear. After wandering for a whole day and two nights in deep snow, following uncertain tracks,

without guides, without food, and I may say without shoes, we crossed the frontier on the 3d February 1871.

What a relief from recent sufferings! How thankful I was to find the means of rest, the first night, I lay down at Orbe, my bed being a bare table, my boots without soles, and my socks without feet! But how intensely I slept, notwithstanding these discomforts! Everywhere, the remnants of the French force were treated by the Swiss with a degree of kind consideration which is remembered with gratitude. The body of refugees was interned in different towns in Switzerland. By a special favour, on account of the dilapidated state of my health, I was allowed to retire to Geneva, where numerous friends awaited me, and there I remained until the terms of peace were signed.

So ends the history of My Adventures in the French War.

THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE.

CHAPTER XXXI.—ECHOES.

THE unannounced visit of Sir David Mervyn and Cyril Westland to Bromley Park was easily explained. Sir David, having gone to London on business, gave Cyril notice of his arrival, in the expectation that he would immediately come up from Hampton Court to see him; but Cyril had met with an accident in the riding-school, and was just then laid up with a disabled bride-arm. Sir David therefore went to Hampton Court, and proposed that Cyril should apply for leave, and go with him to Barrholme, so soon as the business which had brought them to London should be completed. Cyril joyfully consented, and had, only the previous evening, proposed a modification of their programme. 'Suppose we look in on Anne!' was his bright idea. 'If all's right there, we may stay at Bromley for a few days. I want to see Anne. I have not heard from her lately; and, of course, I have not told her, or my mother, about this mishap.' Sir David suggested a preparatory telegram; but Cyril, who had not outlived his boyish belief in a pleasant surprise, would not hear of so flat and commonplace a proceeding.

'So here we are, Cousin Anne,' said Cyril, concluding the narrative into which he dashed, after Miss Cairnes had welcomed Sir David, and introduced her unexpected guests to Mary Allen—'here we are; and our first impression is a rather strong one that we are not wanted; suggested by the countenances of the two servants whom we have seen, and by a pile of trunks and travelling rubbish disfiguring the hall. "Sir David Mervyn and I have come to stay," said I to Watson; "send our traps up to our rooms." "Oh, indeed, sir," says Watson. "Where's Miss Cairnes?" said I. "Miss Cairnes is in the arcade," replies, for Watson, a man in the hall, pulling the trunks about. So, without crossing your for-the-first-time-within-my-experience-inhospitable threshold (I've been learning German, Anne), we came to the arcade to find you, and to demand an immediate explanation.'

Here Cyril paused in his discourse, which he had accompanied with sundry furtive glances at Mary.

'The explanation is easy; and it would not have been required, if you had taken Sir David's advice,' said Anne, laughing. 'I was going to Scotland to-night, I and Mary—for you must know, Cyril,

my young friend is henceforth to be one of us—'

'Who the deuce is she?' Cyril was thinking. 'I suppose she's only a mortal Miss Allen, but she looks uncommonly like an angel.'

'And all our preparations are made. Our heavy luggage is gone on with the servants, and the trunks you saw in the hall are merely a remnant. No wonder Watson looked a little dismayed. But nothing is easier, and nothing could be more pleasant, than to put off our journey for as long as Sir David can stay here.'

'On no account; pray, don't think of such a thing!' said Sir David, who had also been looking at Mary, but not furtively, and who spoke rather hurriedly. 'It would be quite absurd to alter your plans. On the contrary, we will change ours, and have the pleasure of escorting you and Miss Allen.' His eyes reverted to the girl's face, and Anne's followed them. What did she, to whom every expression of David Mervyn's countenance was important, see there? Admiration, unquestionably, and interest, and curiosity. The former two would have been aroused by Mary's beauty, youth, and grace, in any man; and it was natural that her position should inspire the latter. But Anne saw something more than these in the steady observation which Sir David bestowed upon the girl, in the expectant manner of his listening to the few sentences she spoke as the party were returning to the house. Cyril contrived to detain Anne when they had emerged from the arcade, and to put to her several impetuous questions concerning Mary, interspersed with ejaculatory comments upon her beauty, which might have suggested a doubt to Miss Cairnes of the advisability of throwing these young people together under such intimacy-inducing circumstances. But Anne answered Cyril's questions without thinking of Cyril or of Mary either; Anne's thoughts were full of David, as full of the agitating pleasure of seeing him thus unexpectedly, as if she had been twenty years younger.

It was agreed that Sir David's suggestion should be carried out; and this arrangement threw Cyril into a state of redoubled activity. So little time was afforded him for a general inspection of things at Bromley, that he had to set about it at once, and thus Anne, Mary, and Sir David were left to themselves. Cyril would have immensely liked to secure Mary's company on his rounds, on pretence of bidding good-bye to the dogs and horses, the poultry-yard, the gardens, and the greenhouses; but as he ascertained, during the improvised dinner which accompanied the ladies' tea, that her own acquaintance with them dated from that morning only, he did not venture to suggest a general adjournment. Mary was tolerably bewildered by the events and emotions of the day, and was naturally constrained and shy in the presence of the strangers, of whom one observed her with a grave kindness which did not embarrass her, though she could have wished to catch that thoughtful, half-puzzled glance less frequently; and the other made her feel herself absurdly important. She, who was but yesterday only Mary Allen of Miss Cairnes's Homes, a nobody of nobodies, was to-day made much of by this handsome young gentleman—who looked so interesting with his arm in a sling—to an extent which might have turned her head, if she had not known, and been careful to

keep steadily in her memory, that Mr Westland was thus exceedingly 'kind' to her, out of consideration for his cousin, Miss Cairnes, who had done such wonderful things for her. Mary, it will be seen, was very much behind the age, thanks to the narrowness and seclusion of her former life; very far, indeed, from rating at their proper value the claims of her youth and beauty; and she had been warned against head-turning by Miss Thorpe. The brief explanation of Mary's position which Anne had been able to give Cyril had not by any means satisfied his curiosity; and Sir David Mervyn had no notion at all of who she was, when he found himself seated opposite to her in the carriage which conveyed the four travellers from Broomley Park to the railway station. Cyril's inspection had been prolonged to the last moment, until it became rather an anxious question about their catching the train; and Anne had been obliged to have the dinner-bell rung violently from the door-steps—a familiar signal which Cyril was accustomed to obey. He came running up, with a numerous escort of dogs, and took his place in the carriage, out of breath.

'What a tremendous hurry you are always in,' he said, as they drove off; 'we shall be ever so much too early. Do listen to Hector! It's a pity to leave them; isn't it?—Do you like dogs, Miss Allen?'

'Yes, I—I think I do,' said Mary, with serious honesty. 'I never had one of my own.'

'Haden't you? What a shame! I know where I can get you a capital Skye. In Wigtownshire. I'll go and fetch him on Monday.'

Mary, who had not the remotest notion of the distance between the present residence of the capital Skye and their own destination, thanked him quite simply, looking serenely beautiful, and not at all surprised. Anne did not hear a word that either of them said. She was silent and happy during the drive—silent and happy, while Sir David rendered her all the little services—in settling her and Mary in the *coupé* which had been reserved for them—which are so delightful to the least fussy and self-occupied woman when she receives them from the man whom she loves—silent and happy when the train was speeding northward through the summer night, and she sat gazing on the flying landscape, unmindful of the hours; while Mary slept soundly.

When Sir David Mervyn and Cyril were snugly ensconced in an adjoining compartment, Cyril's colonel said: 'Who is Miss Allen? I never heard of her before.'

'And I hardly ever heard of her. She is the daughter of one of Anne's Old Ladies, who died quite recently, and she has come to live with Anne.'

'Indeed. She is a very superior sort of person—I mean, one hardly expects to see—'

'No, does one!' interrupted Cyril. 'I know exactly what you mean; and it is extraordinary; for she is a perfect lady, and I think the loveliest girl I ever saw! Did you ever see such a beautiful face?'

'Hardly ever, indeed,' replied Sir David slowly, as if he were revolving the proposition with somewhat uncalled-for seriousness—'I think I may say, never, quite so beautiful. There is a clergyman's widow among Miss Cairnes's Old Ladies, I remember, whom I saw when she took me to the Homes, but I cannot recall her name. Is Miss Allen her daughter?'

'Not at all: the clergyman's widow is Mrs Burt. Mrs Allen was only the widow of a man who was station-master at some place near Manchester; and though she was a superior sort of woman for her position in life, she was nothing remarkable—nothing at all like what her daughter is. I have heard from time to time that my Cousin Anne had an immense notion of the talent of the daughter of one of her friends, and was giving her a first-rate education: my mother thought Anne exaggerated and romantic about it, and has harped on it from time to time; but I hardly knew the girl's name, and certainly did not remember it when I saw her to-day.'

'Is music among her accomplishments?'

'I don't know; but I should think so. She looks as if she could sing like an angel, and I'm sure she speaks like one.'

Sir David smiled. It was not very wise of him to be pleased, but he was pleased to find that there existed a young man who could employ the old-fashioned phraseology of admiration—a man who did not describe a young lady who had the good fortune to win his approval as 'stunning' or 'awfully jolly.'

'Which of the Homes did Mrs Allen live at?'

'The end one, at the corner of the street: at least I know she lived there years ago, when I was a boy. I have not been at the Homes for ever so long.'

'Then,' said Sir David, 'I can tell you that music, instrumental music, at all events, is among Miss Allen's accomplishments, for I have heard her play on the piano beautifully.'

'That's delightful!' said Cyril. 'What a difference she will make at the Tors!'

They dropped the subject, and each subsided into his cigar; but Sir David Mervyn's reflections did not shift themselves from the topic, without having included a brief meditation on that opinion of Mrs Westland to which Cyril had referred. He was by no means of a rigidly conventional turn of mind, and in certain respects he could not be said to know much of the world; but he had a dim sort of misgiving that Mrs Westland might be right; that Anne's kindness was probably not so judicious as it was generous; that the 'half-and-half sort of position,' as he expressed it in his thoughts, in which this beautiful girl was now placed, was neither safe nor happy. And he had also a misgiving, which passed much beyond the stage of dimness, that Mrs Westland would be anything but gratified by the knowledge that the object of Anne's 'exaggeration'—now a perilously lovely girl of seventeen—was to be within daily reach of her son for a month to come, and that Cyril had already frankly declared her to be 'an angel.' But Sir David soon passed from this train of thought about Mary to another which she had suggested, and which in its turn gave place to meditations upon his recent acquisition. John Grainger's legacy would go a good way towards the fulfilment of one of the dearest wishes of his mother's heart; one which he shared, though perhaps it would never reach in his case the intensity with which Lady Mervyn had formed and cherished it. This wish referred to the repurchase of the Tors. The sale of that fair slice of the old Barrholme estate had been a sore grief to Lady Mervyn, a grief which time did not heal. After the first pangs of mortification, after the first

speculations upon what people were probably saying about it, and how far the necessity had afforded, to spiteful observers, an insight into his pecuniary affairs, passed away, Sir Alexander suffered very little from the reduction of his boundaries and his importance. The conclusive narrowing of his life within the limits of a few rooms, and of its interests to the vicissitudes of his own health, had come so rapidly upon the culmination of his embarrassments, that the lighter was forgotten under the weight of the heavier blow of fate. Not so with Lady Mervyn; her pride and her natural tenacity made it impossible for her ever to pass out of the gates of Barrholme without a recollection more or less bitter of the time when those gates were set so much further away; without a vain aspiration for its return. She had never passed one thoroughly happy unconstrained hour at Victoria Lodge. Anne Cairnes had always felt that such was the case, and from simply wondering at it in her girlhood, she had come to impute it to Lady Mervyn's pride, believing that she resented the demands of intimacy with people who were her inferiors in the social scale. Afterwards, she understood Lady Mervyn better, and made allowance for a feeling which, as she expressed it to herself, did not belong to her 'caste.'

Lady Mervyn never visited anywhere now; she claimed the privilege of her years, which was freely accorded to her; but she had not surmounted her dislike to Victoria Lodge; and she was much annoyed when Anne discarded the new name, the 'Manchester brand,' as Lady Mervyn called it, and resumed for her house the old one. 'Mervyn of Tors had sense and sound in it,' said the proud old lady to her son, when he remarked on the change; 'but Cairnes of Tors is *too* absurd.' Perhaps Sir David was more strongly of her way of thinking than he acknowledged himself to be; he turned the subject off then, and he had not since resumed it; but it had dwelt in his mind; and he was thinking of it with a good deal of concentration in the wakeful hours of the journey, the hours during which Cyril Westland slept, as soundly as the girl whose fair head rested on the other side of the partition between the carriages, within a few inches of his own, and Anne Cairnes thought of David as she had been thinking of him for considerably more than half her life.

Sir David Mervyn had gone down to the village in Sussex, which he had never seen since the day on which Lucy Grainger took leave of it for ever—the day on which she went to London, under her brother's charge, to become David's wife. The sight of the old farmhouse and the trim fields brought back the past vividly, but without acute pain to him; that was over now; it had come for the last time with the reading of John Grainger's letter. He had ascertained that it would not be possible for him to fulfil John Grainger's wish. The farm had been purchased from Grainger's former landlord five years previously, and was flourishing in the hands of the proprietor. There was nothing to be done towards keeping the memory of the last of the Graingers green in those parts, beyond the putting up of a tablet in the village church. Sir David Mervyn gave directions for the speedy doing of that, and sent a copy of the design to Mrs Ferris. Then began possibilities with regard to the legacy to present themselves to his mind. Barrholme was clear;

his income much exceeded his expenditure; here was a large sum which he might pay down at once towards the purchase-money; the remainder might easily be paid within a fair time. He wondered whether Anne Cairnes could be induced to sell the place, and then he reflected that the decision on the matter would probably rest with Cyril Westland. He was, it appeared, to be Anne's heir, and if he was particularly attached to the Tors, of course Anne would not sell the place.

The journey was safely accomplished; and the following evening found Anne and Mary installed at the Tors, and Sir David and Cyril at Barrholme.

To Mary, the novelty of the scene, and the new interests of the life which had begun for her, were of great service. She was too young, too ignorant of the truths of life, she had been too well sheltered and cared for hitherto, to have suffered much apprehension about her own material future, and, therefore, she had not the sense of rescue in the good fortune that had befallen her, which it conveyed to Miss Thorpe. Mary felt gratitude without amazement, and loved Anne with all her heart, but with a simple, spontaneous affection, which owed little, if anything, to the contrast between what might have been with what was, for Mary did not half comprehend that contrast. The sea and the hills, the house and the garden, and the woods, were all sources of delight to Mary—tempered at first by the loss of the mother with whom she would fain have shared all these things—and Anne, with spirits cheered by youthful companionship, told herself that she had never been so happy in her life before. The experiment which might have proved dangerous, was prospering; day by day she felt more confidence in its success; the girl's nature, in which she had trusted, was responding to her confidence, and the burden she had laid upon herself was proving light and pleasant.

CHAPTER XXXII.—'BEN BOLT.'

The way of life into which Anne Cairnes and Mary fell within a few days of their arrival at the Tors included a good deal of intercourse with Barrholme. Cyril had, naturally, presented himself at Anne's breakfast-table on the morning after their arrival, and proposed that the ladies should accompany him in his investigations into the state of things 'about the place;' after which, he was commissioned by Lady Mervyn to invite them to lunch at Barrholme. Lady Mervyn wanted to see Anne particularly; she had said more than once on the previous evening that she had not heard such good news for a long time as Anne's coming to the Tors, and that she had missed her greatly. Anne prepared to meet Lady Mervyn's questions about Mary with some trepidation; she expected the wise, but conventional and narrow-minded old lady to take a view of her conduct with regard to the orphan girl somewhat similar to that for which she was prepared on the part of Mrs Westland; and she entertained a profound respect, partly from habit, and partly from conviction, for the opinions of Sir David's mother. Anne wondered whether Cyril had told Lady Mervyn who Mary was, and all about her, and took the first opportunity of asking him whether he had done so; whereupon Cyril laughed at her without

ceremony. 'What an unreasonable rock of sense you are!' said he. 'You ask me if I have told Lady Mervyn a lot of things which I don't know. Sir David and I are still profoundly mystified. I have only a general notion that this beautiful creature—*isn't* she lovely?—is the daughter of one of your Old Ladies, whom you have saved from the horrors of governing. That's something like it, is it not?'

'Something,' replied Anne.

'Quite enough for *her*,' said Cyril. 'She said you ought to have had "a companion" long ago, and that only your own exceptional character and tastes had made it possible for you to live alone as you have done. And, what do you think, Cousin Anne! I am persuaded the old lady is under an absurd delusion, and imagines you have got hold of a staid spinster, like Wirt, you know, in *Vanity Fair*. So we thought it best to leave it to you, or Miss Allen herself, to enlighten her. But, in the meantime, I wish you would enlighten me.'

Anne complied. She told her cousin Mary's story, and explained the motives which had led her to take the girl's fate into her hands. It was inexpressibly delightful to her to receive the enthusiastic approbation, the hearty praise of Cyril. His impulsive nature responded to all Anne told him; he was full of sympathy, and would not believe for a moment that anybody could consider that Anne had acted rashly. The idea of not saving a beautiful girl like Mary from the life of a governess—where she would have had stupid children to plague, and jealous women to snub her—when one could, was an idea unworthy of human beings. It is only due to Cyril to state that he would have approved of Anne's proceedings, on principle, as sincerely, though perhaps not so warmly, if Mary had not been beautiful.

The little party rambled about the Tors all the morning, and arrived at Barrholme at one o'clock. Mary was speechless with admiration of the old house with its esplanade, of the bold sea-wall, the long stretch of rocks, and the wide sea lying still in the sunshine. Sir David Mervyn met them at the little gate in the boundary-wall between Barrholme and the Tors, and witnessed with pleasure the young girl's unaffected delight.

'We must take her to the platform by-and-by,' said Sir David to Anne, as they followed Mary and Cyril along the narrow path: 'she will be delighted with the view. When you and my mother have had your talk out, you might come down and meet me there. Will you?'

'With pleasure,' said Anne; and there flashed into her mind the remembrance, accurate in every detail, of the last time David Mervyn had asked her to meet him on the rock-platform at Barrholme. Out of the whole of her life, that long-past day stood forth in incomparable prominence, as that on which the one love of that life had seemed about to blossom into hope, as that on which the unborn hope had died! 'Seventeen years ago!' she thought, as her eyes rested on the graceful figure of the girl who trod the path in front of her with so light a step; on her bright fair curls, and the delicate profile turned eagerly to the sea—'seventeen years ago! the whole length of the life of that child. I am growing very old! I wish I could see myself as I was then, but I can only see *him*.' And he was there, by her side; the secret of that old time a secret still, her ignorance of his life at that time as profound as ever, her love for

him just the same. 'That lasts,' thought Anne; 'thank God, that lasts!' She hardly heard what he was saying to her; she answered almost at random. Mary looked back, and addressed him; he advanced a few steps beyond Anne, and talked with the young people. Anne was at liberty to dream through the few minutes longer that their walk lasted. On its termination, she was warmly received by Lady Mervyn, to whom she presented Mary as her 'young friend.' That Lady Mervyn was as much surprised and puzzled as he had expected her to be, Cyril perceived with somewhat mischievous amusement; but she was kind and gracious to Mary, whose timidity was not awkward, and whose constant association with old people had taught her the little ways which please them. Before luncheon was over, Anne was relieved of much of her apprehension, by perceiving that Mary had unconsciously pleaded her own cause with Lady Mervyn with success. When Anne was left alone with her old friend in the drawing-room (while Cyril exhibited all the dogs belonging to the establishment to Mary, on the esplanade before the windows, Sir David standing by), the subject of Mary was dismissed in few words.

'You have taken a serious step, my dear,' said Lady Mervyn, when Anne had concluded her explanation, 'and laid a heavy responsibility on yourself. But I never knew you to fail in any duty yet, and I am not at all afraid of your failing in this one. If I had only *heard* all the circumstances, but had not seen the girl, I probably should have thought you very foolish and very wrong, and that you were attempting to confound the different orders in society in a way which I never could approve of; but I am ready to acknowledge, having seen Miss Allen, that this is quite an exceptional case.'

Anne had never seen Lady Mervyn in such good spirits, in such good-humour with everybody as she was at this time. The fact was that it was only now, at the eventide of her life, that Lady Mervyn had come into possession of peace of mind; and the usufruct of that great gain was amiability and kindness. The intelligence of John Grainger's legacy had not broken the silence respecting the past between her and her son—the past, which she hardly ever thought of now, and which had been temporarily revived in so welcome a form. Sir David had briefly explained to his mother the identity of John Grainger, and there the matter had once more dropped—this time, assuredly, for ever. It would have been impossible to find a more prosperous and contented household, considering that its constituents were an old woman and a middle-aged man, than that to which Mary Allen was introduced, as her very first glimpse of the world.

When, a few days afterwards, Sir David Mervyn hinted to his mother that, if Miss Cairnes could be induced to sell the Tors, he did not think Cyril Westland would at all object, and that 'it might be contrived,' he was surprised by Lady Mervyn's reply: 'Of course, I should be only too glad if you could get the Tors into your possession again,' she said; 'but if it cannot be done, it is, after all, a great comfort to have Anne for our nearest neighbour. The longer I live, the more clearly I see there's nobody like Anne.'

When Sir David Mervyn bade his mother good-night, and left her for his invariable 'turn' on the

platform, while he smoked his cigar with Cyril, who had gone off to the Tors on some pretext or other, there came to him a remembrance of the past as, on, that first day after her arrival in Scotland, a remembrance had come to Anne—a remembrance of the letter from his mother, which he read at his club, when Lucy was recovering from her nearly fatal illness, and in which she told him the secret she had surprised from Anne. It was so far off; it had all happened so long ago; it could not harm, or offend her, even if Anne could know it, that he should ponder these things in his mind now; that he should ask of the mysterious past, whether, side by side with the beautiful, sad, brief story of his early love and marriage, it had ever really held for him a hidden treasure, for which he had not cared to look—the treasure of Anne's love? He recalled his return from the Crimea, the incidents of his stay at home, the honourable precaution she had taken, the resolution with which he had guarded against the complications which might be involved in her ignorance of his marriage, and the sole possession of his heart by one dead woman. He recalled his first return from India; he remembered how he had recognised in Anne the finished grace and dignity of womanhood, the perfect fitness for her position; and how he had denounced himself as a coxcomb, because he had once supposed himself in danger of injuring the peace of her serene and lofty mind. Had that danger ever existed? What a long look backwards it was that David Mervyn took that night, while he walked to and fro, smoking his cigar, upon the rock-platform! It stretched back to the time of his own boyhood, when Anne and his sister Marion were children, and he used to be so much with Anne's mother; it searched with a strange, long unaccustomed clearness into the dens and dusty corners of his past! From reminiscence, Sir David Mervyn allowed his fancy to run into speculation. What if he had asked Anne to marry him, when he came back, the first time, from India, when they were both comparatively young still; having told her his story, and she had said yes? What a different life his might have been—though it was a very happy life, this which he led, among his own people, in his rehabilitated ancestral home, with his old mother—and what a different life Anne's! She ought to be a happy woman, honoured and useful as she was, and with the two strong interests, of which that fine bright young fellow Cyril Westland was one; and Mary—that beautiful Mary, whose face had a look in it that fascinated, almost appalled Sir David—was the other. Her life at least had a fullness wanting to his. He should be a lonely man, indeed, when his mother should have left him, the last of his race, no son of his succeeding him. Was Anne Cairnes a happy woman? *Had she ever loved him?* Sir David Mervyn smiled to himself, at himself, as he asked the question, smiled at the notion of a gray-headed old soldier pondering over such things; and then smiled at the shallow wisdom which holds 'such things' to be folly, at any time of life.

'I have been set thinking of all this,' he said to himself, 'by the spectacle of Cyril and Mary, who are falling in love with each other as fast as they can; I presume, with Anne's concurrence, for she can hardly have done what she did without being prepared for this result.'

In this reflection, Sir David was partly right, but partly wrong: Cyril and Mary were not falling in love with each other; they had completed the process; they were 'fathoms deep' already, a fortnight after their first meeting; and Anne had not taken such a contingency into her calculations for a moment.

A daily meeting of the ladies at the Tors with the gentlemen at Barrholme had become a matter of course. They drove and walked together; they passed long evenings on the esplanade, Lady Mervyn being of the party; they sat on the platform, looking at the moonlit sea, and listening to Mary's singing. Mary had made a conquest of Lady Mervyn hardly less complete than the young lady's victory in another direction; her winning ways, her gentleness, and her patient appreciative attention, had entirely won the heart of the old lady, whose age was far more open to kindly and tender impressions than her middle life had been. Anne, remembering Lady Mervyn as she was when she herself and Marion were girls, could hardly believe the eyes which shewed her Lady Mervyn with Mary. The orphan girl possessed that gift, which is of all the gifts of Providence the most precious, and the most impossible to analyse, the gift of winning human affection. It is totally apart from, and it frequently does not coexist with a capacity for captivating the hearts of the male sex; but Mary combined both. She was dangerous, without a particle of coquetry, without, indeed, knowing what coquetry meant; and deadly, with a heart too tender and compassionate to suggest the doing of harm to any living creature.

The third week of Cyril's leave had run out; in another, it would have expired. His arm was restored to its former condition of usefulness, his health was perfect, and his spirits were in their usual vivacious state. Not a shadow of any sort had fallen upon the peaceful happiness of the friends. Mary, who was in almost equal request at both houses, was recovering, with the blessed elasticity of youth, from her first sorrow.

Miss Cairnes and Mary had dined at Barrholme, and, as usual, the party had adjourned to the esplanade; but Lady Mervyn, who was fatigued after a long drive, retired early, and then a further adjournment to the rock-platform was proposed. The moon was at the full; Mary was to sing all her best songs; and Sir David and Cyril were to escort the ladies home, by the sea-walk.

The picture the full moon looked upon was a very pretty one. The rocks were draped with bright-coloured shawls, and Anne sat in the well-known angle—which used to be called 'Anne's arm-chair,' in the old time, when the platform was the scene of Marion's confidences respecting Gordon Graeme—looking very handsome, with a crimson mantle over her shoulders, and two rich crimson roses set low in her glossy black hair. Sir David stood near her, his back to the face of the sea-wall, looking towards the sea. Cyril had stepped over the edge of the platform, the tide being low, and perched himself upon a jutting rock, from whence he could contemplate Mary undisturbed. Mary's figure, in its simple dress of black crape, and Mary's face, with the curls pushed back from it, a wild-rose tint on her cheek; her blue eyes, brighter and softer than ever, he thought, on that still evening, when there was a great hush on everything, so deep that the ear

caught the least sound from the distant coast of the bay, when even the great waters kept silence ; as if, indeed,

The restless heart of the ocean was for a moment consoled.

She sat on a flat slab of rock, in the front of the platform, beyond the semicircular sweep of its sides, full in view of the other three—an exquisite unconscious picture ; and at their bidding she sang. The notes floated out on the still air, over the still waves, without the slightest effort, as if she merely breathed ; solemn music, brilliant music, anything they asked for. Well as they knew and loved Mary's singing, they felt as if they had never heard it before this night. She had ceased, and there was a silence. Sir David broke it. 'Mary,' he said, using her name quite naturally, though for the first time, 'do you know any old-fashioned songs—simple songs—old things that people sang before you were born ?'

'Yes,' she answered ; 'I know several. I have found some, with Mrs Grene's name written upon them, at the Tors. I will sing you one now.' She turned her face to the sea again, and began, with a voice in which memory made its most touching, plaintive appeal :

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt ?
Sweet Alice, with hair so brown.

She sang the song through to the end ; Anne Cairnes looking at her, and listening with an intensity which could not have failed to attract the attention of Sir David Mervyn, if he had not been looking at her and listening with equal intensity. When the last notes died away, no one spoke a word, and Mary looked round surprised. Cyril rose, stepped up on the platform, and boldly whispered something to her ; not a few words, but a long sentence. Sir David came out of his fit of abstraction with a sigh, and Anne came out of hers with tears standing in her dark eyes.

'I have made you all melancholy,' said Mary ; 'let us go home.'

'You have given me more pleasure, my dear,' said Sir David, with grave gentleness, which became him well, 'than I have had, from music, for many years.'

Anne sent Cyril to the house, to fetch her bonnet and Mary's, and they began their walk home ; she and Sir David leading the way. The pair in advance said little to each other, and nothing of importance, until they had entered the walk leading through the shrubbery to Anne's house. Then Anne said : 'The power of reviving associations by sound has never been made so evident to me as to-night. Mary's singing of our old songs has enabled me to trace a likeness in her face which has dimly suggested itself to me many a time, but which I never could catch and identify before.'

'That is a curious coincidence,' said Sir David, 'for, though I have traced a likeness in Mary's face to one I used to know very well—a likeness which struck me when I saw her first—it has never come out with such force and completeness as to-night.'

'Indeed,' said Anne quickly, and with earnestness. 'May I venture to ask you, Sir David, to whom this likeness exists ? I don't put the question out of curiosity merely ; the answer may mean much to me, and to Mary.'

'No, no,' he said ; 'there's no chance of that. The likeness I see could not involve any matter of

importance to any one. Nevertheless, I will tell you, some day, the story of the person whom Mary is like.' They were nearing the house, and Cyril and Mary were nearing them. He lowered his voice ; he pressed her hand, lying on his arm, closer to his side, and he added : 'I had made up my mind, before to-night, to tell you that story, Anne.'

At the same moment, Cyril and Mary came up, and Cyril took hold of Sir David's arm, excitedly, almost rudely. 'I can't go in this fine night,' he said ; 'I'm off for a long walk.' Without a word to Anne, he turned away, and was out of sight in a moment. In that moment, Mary had also disappeared.

'What does he mean ?' said Anne, astonished.

'I can't imagine. I will follow him, and find out. And I will come and tell you early to-morrow.'

Sir David left her ; and Anne entered the house, where her maid met her with a message from Mary. It was to the effect, that she had so bad a headache, she had been obliged to go to bed at once. Anne went up to Mary's room, and found the door locked. She called gently, and after three appeals the door was opened. There stood Mary, with no article of her attire removed, her face pale, and her eyes swollen with crying. Anne threw her arms round her. 'What ails you, my child ?' she exclaimed. 'Are you ill ?'

'No, no,' she said. 'Not ill. I cannot—I am not able to tell you to-night. Leave me to myself now, and I will tell you all to-morrow.'

Anne did as she entreated her ; she left her to herself, and went to her own room, there to wait, through a sleepless night, for the coming of to-morrow.

IN MAMBI-LAND.

WE talk commonly of Cuba, and geographically we are quite right ; but, from another point of view, there are two Cubas, Spanish Cuba and Free Cuba : the latter is the Mambi-land. 'Spaniards,' we are told, 'call it the Manigua, or Los Montes ; Americans talk of it as Free Cuba ; and those who dwell within its confines, Cuba Libre, or the Mambi-land.' Thither, in the last month of the year 1872, proceeded from New York, in the mail-steamer *City of Havana*, an adventurous Hiberno-American, Mr James J. O'Kelly, who has lately recorded his experiences in a volume entitled *The Mambi-land, or Adventures of a Herald Correspondent in Cuba*. It appears that 'towards the close of the year 1872, the *Herald*, wishing to throw light on the Cuban insurrection, sent a correspondent to Cuba, with orders to see Céspedes, the President of the Cuban Republic ;' but 'the correspondent found the mission so hazardous and full of danger that he abandoned it.' Into the breach thus created stepped, with true Irish dash, Mr James J. O'Kelly, to whom the well-known Mr James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the *Herald*, gave 'the following characteristic instructions : "Go into the Cuban lines ; see Céspedes and other important leaders ; give a fair account of their position ; and bring back reliable information of the prospects of the insurrection : draw upon the office for whatever funds you may need."' And from the language in which Mr O'Kelly describes the country into which he was about to penetrate, he might have been excused for drawing upon the office for funds of

something different from what was contemplated by Mr Bennett. Mambi-land, Mr O'Kelly tells us, 'possesses no cities, no pomps, no splendours; it is bathed in sunshine, and yet bedewed with tears—often tears of blood. Indistinct it rises on the horizon, phantom-like it fades at the approach of the traveller, who yet feels and knows that its territory surrounds him on every side. Only in the depths of the silent forest does this mysterious land take tangible form, and express itself in organised communities. Its limits may be vaguely marked by the shores of Cuba; for even in the Spanish strongholds the dominion of the Mambi is spread over Cuban hearts. . . . But, few from the outer world have crossed its shifting frontier, so full of unknown perils and awe-inspiring mystery. Like the fabled garden of the Hesperides, the frontiers of the Mambi-land are guarded by monsters ready to devour the rash intruder. . . . Death is the doom decreed by Spanish law against whoever dares to cross the borders of the mystic Mambi-land. Some have doubted its very existence, and declared it to be a creation evoked from the rank imagination of an evil-working race called Laborantes. Before me, no impartial witness from the outside world had ever crossed the mysterious frontier to lift up the cloud that hid from view the strange land. Alone, among the bookmakers, have I visited the forbidden region; moved and dwelt among the inhabitants of the silent forests, the new nation growing into life; partaken of their cheer, joined in their revels, assisted at their deaths, accompanied them to battle, and witnessed their constancy in defeat, their exultation in the moment of victory.'

Such diction may, in the estimation of simple folks, appear to savour of what Americans call 'tall talk,' and to be rather bewildering than explanatory; and it may, therefore, be desirable to clear the way for what is to come by making in plain English a short statement of a few preliminary facts, so far as diligent search has been rewarded with discovery. There is good reason to believe that the Mambi-land is not, as might have been supposed, a mere fancy of the brain, such as the *Inferno* of Dante, but a mountainous district, having a real existence, and serving as an almost inaccessible asylum for the enemies of the Spanish rule in Cuba, who formed themselves into a republic under the 'semi-fabulous' President Cespedes. The inhabitants of that region are called by Mr O'Kelly, and perhaps by themselves, Mambis, whatever that term may mean; but, though they would like to be spoken of as 'patriots,' or, at the very worst, as 'insurgents,' the Spaniards appear to stigmatise them all, whether white or coloured, under the comprehensive name of 'runaway niggers.' Furthermore, those Cubans who, though sympathising with the Mambis, and ready to promote their cause by any underhand means, cannot make up their minds to quit their profitable business, and comfortable homes in the towns, for the rough and perilous life of Mambi-land, or even think that they can be of more service to the cause by remaining where they are and keeping the ball rolling by means of intrigue, seem to be known by the appellation of Laborantes. So much by way of preliminary exposition; and now to return to Mr O'Kelly. We left him on board the *City of Havana*, which in due time arrived off the city whose name it had received at its christening.

It is soon made evident that he will put down the Spaniards in his black books. The time he had to wait for a 'permit to land' leads him to reflect upon 'the cavalier manner in which mere Americans were treated,' and to observe satirically that 'even a Spanish official cannot well remain at breakfast all day.' His next little grievances occurred on the short passage by water from the vessel to the custom-house, when he and his fellow-passengers, including a lady, were nearly run down by a Spanish man-of-war's boat, in the stern whereof 'a nabob of an officer was seated, whose white hair ought to have been a guarantee against such an outrage; but the hidalgo sat quietly and unconcernedly by, as if it were a matter of sublime indifference to his decorated soul whether or not some half-dozen mere civilians were sent to the bottom.'

On landing, there arose a difficulty about getting a safe-conduct, to enable him 'to pass freely through the Spanish lines.' Unable to procure a passport of this nature, he set out, regardless of warnings, and at his own risk, to seek for a needle in a bundle of hay—that is, for Cespedes in Mambi-land. Even the *laborantes* either could not or would not give him any helpful information; and his earliest efforts, apparently, resulted in nothing more than a not very momentous journey by rail through occasionally splendid scenery to the town of Villa Clara. Thence, Mr O'Kelly proceeded to visit some sugar-plantations, worked by negro slaves or coolies, and said to belong to owners 'dwelling in Havana, Madrid, London, New York, and Paris,' who are described as 'Christians of the first water;' and he saw enough to rouse his indignation, especially on behalf of the imported Chinamen, whom he considers to be grossly deceived, cheated, and cruelly overworked; but he found himself no nearer to Mambi-land. Not a guide could he obtain; 'it was useless to offer the most tempting bribes, no one could be induced to face what was esteemed certain death in venturing into the mysterious region of Cuba Libre,' and 'the mirage-like frontier advanced and receded like phantom-lakes in the desert.' In the end, Mr O'Kelly was obliged to, as it were, change his front altogether, and, rather than lose an opportunity of getting at least upon the track of the Mambis, to accept an offer kindly made to him by Brigadier-general Morales 'to accompany a Spanish expedition against the insurgents.' He started with the Spanish column, marched as far as 'the apex of the triangle formed by the range of mountains known as Dos Bocas,' where a halt was called for the night, and waited impatiently for the dawning of the next day, on which a plunge was to be made 'into the mysterious land of unknown dangers.' What a night may bring forth, however, is proverbially astonishing; and Mr O'Kelly's astonishment was mingled with disgust to find next morning that orders had been received during the night for the return of the column. This retreat, Mr O'Kelly says, 'has always been a puzzle to me.'

There was clearly no course open for this inquiring traveller but to rely upon his native talents and courage, and 'run the gantlet.' He 'sought no confidences,' and 'without asking to know who were *laborantes*, or who were not,' he 'simply whispered in ears that seemed friendly' his 'surprise that no sign was made by the patriots, no

word of advice or anonymous hint sent' to place him on the right road. 'At last came a vague hint that in the direction of Ti-Arriba it might be possible to open communications with some of the Cuban forces;' and for Ti-Arriba, between which and Santiago de Cuba there is no place of any consequence save one little town, the correspondent 'at once set out alone,' finding, as one can readily believe under the circumstances, that 'the utter loneliness of the road, and, at times, the awful grandeur of the solitude, produced in the soul a feeling of awe not unmingled with terror.' It will be sufficient to say that the end of this jaunt was scarcely more satisfactory than such trips had hitherto been, save only that the enterprising correspondent found an opportunity of ingratiating himself with certain 'coloured ladies and gentlemen,' as well as with 'white men and civil and military authorities,' by 'giving a ball and free whisky,' and that he received some information which enabled him to incur a risk of being shot as a spy. But patience and perseverance surmount all difficulties; and one day fading hope was renewed in a mysterious fashion worthy of the land which has been described as mystic and wonderful. On the floor of Mr O'Kelly's room was discovered 'a letter in a strange hand, written in Spanish, without signature, and stating that 'if Mr O'Kelly wished to put himself in communication with the Cuban forces, he would proceed on the morrow, alone, and without having notified any one of his intention, to a point indicated.' An hour was appointed, an hour at which it would be dark. Was it, then, a trap? Time would shew; but it would never do now to draw back. At the appointed hour, therefore, nay, considerably before it, and at the appointed place, might have been seen, if the darkness had allowed, Mr O'Kelly mounted upon his good horse, Old Harry by name, and having his *machete* (cutlass) and his revolver 'ready for instant use.' A while, and then there was heard a low 'hist.' The Cuban challenge was at once given and answered; and a black man, black to a degree that made him scarcely distinguishable, 'so much did he appear a part of the general gloom,' advanced, took Mr O'Kelly by the hand, exchanged explanations, and proceeded to lead the way, gliding along like an incarnate portion of the very night itself. The guide and Mr O'Kelly were, on the road, joined by other 'patriots;' and the party then dashed once more into woods from which they had temporarily emerged, the *machete* being found very serviceable against 'the brier and cactus,' that nevertheless inflicted severe punishment, and even threatened to exact the tribute of an eye.

To woods succeeded mountains, which ultimately proved too much for Old Harry. He had climbed like a member of the Alpine Club, and had as many falls as a learner of skating; but, though he had been dismounted, and either led or allowed to follow as he best might, the prospect was at last too much for him, and, 'after a few preliminary kicks,' he 'started down the mountain-side,' and was reported 'gone to Santiago on his own hook.' The march had been, not only up-hill but down-hollow, and, moreover, past Spanish posts; but on the second day Mr O'Kelly 'came on a number of tracks in the woods running in different directions.' At length he was in Mambi-land; and after the stories he had heard 'about savage negroes, ignorant as

ferocious, wandering naked in the woods, respecting no laws, human or divine, and merely stopping short of cannibalism,' he was much relieved to find himself 'surrounded by persons of gentle, and even polished, manners. It is true that clothing was rather scanty, but there was enough for decency, and in this favoured clime little more is needed. The women were all adequately clothed, and, in many instances, were even able to exhibit a certain amount of coquetry in their dress, which no true woman, having an opportunity, would be likely to omit to do.' A simple hospitality was exercised; a dance was extemporised; the children, before they went to bed, crossed their hands upon their bosoms and, according to their invariable custom, asked 'the evening blessing from all the grown-up people;' and Mr O'Kelly, who describes himself as 'not a religious man in any sense of the word,' was much affected at the novel position he was required to assume as a bestower of benedictions upon a suppliant little maiden in a 'Madonna-like posture.' And he may well have been impressed by a picture 'so much in contrast with the wildness of Mambi life, and so foreign to the scenes of slaughter and outrage, which make up the daily history of this suffering people.' But there yet remained the great object, which was to 'interview' the 'semi-fabulous' Cespedes. Mr O'Kelly was determined to do so, and his determination was seconded by many influential Mambis, of whose guerrilla warfare he became an eye-witness, and he convinced himself how deadly was the hatred between Spaniard and Cuban in their merciless war to the knife. The Mambi who struck Mr O'Kelly 'as the impersonation of heroic patriotism' was a 'strapping brown man,' whose 'costume consisted of the rim of a straw hat, through which appeared the crown of a woolly head;' whilst 'something resembling a ragged and scanty dish-cloth was bound around his loins,' and a rifle and cartridge-box completed the equipment. So nearly allied, in the same person, may be the sublime and the ridiculous. The Mambis, knowing that no quarter will be given, never, if the most incredible efforts can prevent it, suffer their wounded comrades to fall into the enemy's hands; but this must sometimes be but cruel kindness, seeing that the disabled are 'dragged through the brambles, and over the rough ground full of thorns and protruding stumps of rotted trees,' and that 'oftentimes, in these fearful courses, these rushes for life, the arms are wrenched from the sockets, or the bones snap unheeded.'

At length, the wished-for day arrived; Mr O'Kelly had, with his escort, 'penetrated the mountain regions of Jiguani;' and orders came for them 'to proceed to the camp where President Cespedes and members of his cabinet had their headquarters.' This Mr O'Kelly, of course, did with alacrity; and, having been introduced to the 'semi-fabulous' president, who said very distinctly, in English: 'I am very glad to see you,' interviewed him on the spot. 'President Cespedes,' he says, 'was a small man with a good deal of iron in his composition, stood remarkably erect, and was nervous in action and in temperament. His features were small, with a claim to regularity. The forehead high and well formed; the face oval, and a little worn by time and care; his eyes, gray with a tinge of brown, were bright and penetrating. His mouth and the lower part of his face being concealed by a

moustache and beard of iron-gray, with a few black hairs interspersed. When he smiled, he shewed his teeth, which were extremely white, and, with one exception, remarkably well preserved.' Cespedes so far tried to turn the tables upon Mr O'Kelly, that the latter had to hint that he 'came to interview him, not to be interviewed;' whereupon, 'a compromise being effected,' Mr O'Kelly discharged his duty, as a free inquirer, to his newspaper, and, having staid some little time with Cespedes in Mambi-land, and having found, sad to relate, that 'except beef, which could not always be had, and coffee, neither the food nor the luxuries agreed with' him, returned within the Spanish lines, arrived at Manzanillo, and was speedily arrested, lodged in Fort Gerona, and left to ponder over his 'foolish confidence in the honour and faith of Spanish officials.' The only chance of escape which at first presented itself was not at all to Mr O'Kelly's taste, though it would have made his fortune at the same time: it was, in fact, proposed to him, he says, to betray his kind friend, President Cespedes, for the consideration of 'two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, or perhaps half a million.' Mr O'Kelly, without insinuating a doubt whether the Spanish government was solvent to that extent, did not, of course, accept the dazzling offer; and was accordingly detained in prison, suffering, at first, great inconveniences, which were, however, afterwards alleviated through 'the timely arrival of the British gun-boat *Plover*.' From Manzanillo, the adventurous correspondent was removed to Santiago, from Santiago to Havana, where he was immured in a pestilential dungeon, thence to Santander, and thence to Madrid, where, on the representations of the United States minister, he was 'permitted to go at liberty;' and, a few months later, he was allowed to leave Spain, carrying with him, no doubt, rather checkered reminiscences of his visit to Mambi-land.

LAST CENTURY ITEMS.

It was with a sense of delight such as only an antiquary can experience, that Sir Walter Scott's famous Jonathan Oldbuck exhibited to his young friend Lovel 'a bundle of ballads not one of them later than 1700, and some of them a hundred years older, which he had wheedled an old woman out of, who loved them better than her psalm-book; tobacco, snuff, and the *Complete Syren*, being given as an equivalent.'

No one whose time has not been passed in the society of antiquaries, can form any idea of the intense degree of pleasure that they feel in securing relics of the past—in becoming the actual possessors of some ancient ballad—'An Account of a Dreadful Apparition,' or the 'True and Authentic History of how Dame Juggins was burnt in her bed, when no candle or other inflammable material had been near her to cause the flames to arise.' They love these records of former days as truly as an alderman does his turtle, or 'My Lady' her lace and diamonds.

My father was an antiquary, and I can even now, though many a long year has passed since that day, see his eyes sparkle with delight as he

produced a volume of newspapers, *Ipswich Journals* of 1745, 1746, 1747, and 1748, which he had just purchased from a grocer at fourpence per pound, the worthy tradesman being glad to get rid of them at that price, as their age rendered them unfit for wrapping-up purposes. They contain a complete history of the Scottish Rebellion, besides much which is curious on various matters; and not the least interesting portion is the sheet devoted to advertisements, by studying which one becomes strangely identified with the every-day life of our great-grandmothers and grandfathers.

Among the amusements which are announced are Concerts, Balls, Assemblies, Theatrical Entertainments, Cricket-matches, Horse-races, Cock-fighting; 'Performances of the Young Gentlemen at Holt School at their public breaking-up;' Flower-shows—Auriculas at Ipswich, Bury St Edmunds, Wickham; Tulip-shows, and Carnations. In the *Journal* for April 18, 1747, appears the following advertisement of an auricula-show: 'This is to give notice that the annual show of auriculas will be at the house of Mr John Wards, at the *White Lion* at Hadleigh, on Friday the 27th instant, when all lovers of these pleasing productions of nature will meet a hearty welcome, and a kind reception from their humble servants, PETER NORMAN, JACOB PRICE, Stewards.'

On August 2, 1746: 'The Sons of Flora will hold their annual feast at the *Maid's Head*, in St Simon's, Norwich, on Wednesday, the 6th day of August next, when all gentlemen who are admirers of the beauties of nature are desired to come and view the greatest number of new and well-blown carnations that the year produces.

'Note—There will be a venison feast, and stewards are provided for the year ensuing. Tickets to be had at four shillings each.'

Cricket-matches are announced to be played at various places, for buckskin gloves, velvet caps, holland waistcoats, and other articles of wearing apparel. They were advertised in the following manner, under the date September 13, 1746: 'On Monday next will be played for at cricket, on the Lamb-fair Field, at Handfred Hall, eleven black velvet caps, of ten shillings value each, by twenty-two men, each man to put in four shillings. The wickets will be pitched by one o'clock. N.B. —The Ipswich men are determined to play.'

Cock-fighting, if one may judge from the number of notices given of the fights about to take place in all parts of the county, was looked upon as a most agreeable recreation, as they are made more frequent mention of than almost any other form of amusement. Under the date May 11, 1745, we have as follows: 'There will be a main of cocks shewn at Joseph Tweed's, at the *Spread Eagle Inn*, in the Butter Market, in Bury St Edmunds, on the 22d, 23d, and 24th of this instant May, being the time of the races, between the gentlemen of Cambridgeshire and the gentlemen of Norfolk, to shew forty-five cocks on each side, and to fight four guineas a battle, and twenty guineas the odd battle, where there will be a very commodious pit, and all gentlemen shall be kindly used by their humble servant, JOSEPH TWEED.'

'Trials of manhood' were also of most frequent occurrence, and the Tom Sayers of that day was one Ellis Goddard, a farmer of Mellis, in Suffolk. One of his advertisements, under date July 26, runs

as follows: 'Notice is hereby given, that on Monday the 28th of this July instant, again will be a severe trial of manhood, between Ellis Goddard and Mr John Slack, the Norfolk champion, for ten pounds each, at the Castle in Buckenham, in the county of Norfolk, at which time and place I doubt not but to shew the spectators that this "Norfolk Hero" (as he terms himself) is not invincible. However, it is resolved to be the determinate battle between my antagonist and myself. ELLIS GODDARD.'

Advertisements of a similar character appear in numerous newspapers till towards the end of last century; but even within our own recollection, prize-fights were reckoned fashionable amusements.

The advertisements of horse-races are too much like those of our own day to require introducing here, but this one of a foot-race may be worth mentioning: 'On Thursday the 1st of May next, 1746, at *Blakenham Chequer*, a hat and wig of half a guinea each will be run for by men, to run twice round the course to a heat, the best of three heats to run fair, and no less than five to start. Half a guinea to be given free, to enter their names at eleven o'clock, and to start at three; any person to pay double entrance at the post.'

Theatrical entertainments must also be passed over, as they would greatly increase the length of this article if mention were made of even a few of them. The inhabitants of Suffolk and the adjacent counties were evidently great admirers of histrionic performances. The following advertisement (September 28, 1745) of the time when Sadler's Wells was in the height of its fame, is an interesting one: 'By Rayner's Company from Sadler's Wells, at the great Musical Booth, opposite the Post-office, on Angel Hill, during the time of Bury Fair, will be performed the usual diversions of Sadler's Wells, consisting of rope-dancing, tumbling, postures, singing, balancing, and variety of stage-dancing, both serious and comic; particularly a wooden-shoe dance by Mr and Miss Rayner; also a new tambourine dance by the celebrated Miss Rayner, who, for truth and height of dancing, is allowed by all to be the greatest performer extant; to conclude with several pieces in grotesque characters, called *Harlequin's Masquerade, or the Double Intrigue*. And the said Rayner hopes that gentlemen and ladies will honour him with their good company, and doubts not of giving entire satisfaction. Boxes, 2s.; pit, 1s.; gallery, 6d. To begin every day at two o'clock, and end at nine. N.B.—There will be new diversions every day.'

Concerts were of most frequent occurrence. We copy the following advertisement of one of them, under date December 27, 1746: 'For the Benefit of Signor Pizzolati, who had the honour to perform the first-violin at York, in the Assembly Rooms, during the years 1743, 1744; and coming from Dublin to take care of his daughters, whom he had left there, had the misfortune to be taken by a French privateer, called *Mirapoza*, and was stripped of all his effects, and remains quite destitute of subsistence. Therefore, begs that ladies and gentlemen will, through charity, favour him with their company at the grand concert-hall of vocal and instrumental music, Ipswich, on January 6th. The first-violin by Signor P. assisted by all the hands in Ipswich, with several solos,' &c.

Very few books are mentioned in the old papers,

but the following are amongst the scanty supply of literature: 'This day is published, July 12, 1746, A pretty little Pocket-book, intended for the instruction of little Master Tommy and pretty Miss Polly; with two letters from Jack the Giant-killer; as also a ball and pin-cushion, the use of which will infallibly make Tommy a good boy, and Polly a good girl. Price sixpence.'

In the whole four years, there were only two or three advertisements for domestic servants, although in almost every paper mention is made of servants absconding from the service of their masters.

The insertion of advertisements apologising for all kinds of slanderous accusations was most general; one of them runs as follows (October 26, 1745): 'Whereas, about the second day of October last, I did, by misunderstanding what they said, falsely assert that Mr Thomas Gorsuch and Mr John Fearchild, both of Stoke Ferry, in Norfolk, drank the Pretender's health: I do, in this publick manner, clear the said Messrs Gorsuch and Fearchild from such a calumny, and I do declare it was the effect of liquor, in which I was at the same time deeply concerned, and I verily believe there are no persons better affected to the present happy government, and to His Sacred Majesty King George II. than they are. JOHN WORTLEY, of Eastmore.'

One more quotation from this most curious collection must bring it to a close; it is from the *Journal* of December 17, 1748: 'Whereas, a mad bull of a sandy colour, clumsy made, wall-eyed, full chop'd, and of fierce appearance, has for some time infested the grounds of a farmer near Bishop's Stortford, in Hertfordshire, and frequently runs roaring and foaming about the said town, to the great terror of children and weak-minded people, this is therefore to advise all such to avoid the said beast, or, if he unavoidably falls in their way, not to be terrified or dismayed, for, on being opposed with the least appearance of resolution, the dastardly animal will, with hideous bellowing, turn tail. The said farmer also hereby gives notice that he will give all reasonable encouragement to such as will promise him bull-dogs of the pure English breed, capable of baiting and driving him out of these parts, as he has been out of the counties of Essex and Kent.'

If the weak-minded persons and children of the middle of the last century were likely, on receiving this advice, to oppose this running, roaring, and foaming mad bull, with resolution, and by their display of heroic courage cause him to turn tail, what emergency must not the strong-minded have been equal to! It is very doubtful whether many members of the society which advocates women's suffrage, although that is supposed to embrace the most strong-minded of the sex, would, in 1874, feel comfortable in resolutely confronting so unamiable an animal.

On Saturday, January 2, 1875, will be commenced
in this JOURNAL, a NOVEL, entitled

WALTER'S WORD.

By the Author of *At Her Mercy*.

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